

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

THE SHINING WAY

By S. E. HACKLEY.
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ROXANA CULLOM, an alert little gray-haired woman, paused when she came to the "big road" at the foot of the mountain, and set down the little basket of fried chicken and biscuits she was taking to a sick neighbor. Though it was a long way she had come from the hidden Cullom stronghold at the top of the mountain, she had not stopped to rest, but to think over things.

Today was Wednesday, and Monday she had let the children set as the day when she would be married the second time—and without love—without love!

She untied the strings of her black alpaca sunbonnet and threw them back. Things were closing in on her; she felt as if she were smothering.

Back in '55, when young Isaac Cullom brought her to his new home here in the wildest part of the country, he had set out great orchards with an eye to making "moonshine." And Isaac had made a success of his venture. No revenue officer—nobody foreign to the neighborhood—would ever have dreamed of fields and orchards lying behind that forest of hemlock and oak, poplar and chestnut.

At Isaac's death, his son, Sheridan, fell heir to his orchards and his calling, but Sheridan could not make the liquor as Isaac had made it, try as he might. A year after Isaac's death, however, Sheridan learned that Simon Come was an expert distiller and persuaded him to stay with him. Sheridan paid good wages and gave Simon every consideration.

When he chose, he slept late in the mornings and his breakfasts were kept warm for him. Roxana, Sheridan's mother, did most of the cooking, and before many months Simon began to turn admiring eyes on the spry little woman who cooked better than anybody he had ever known.

Sheridan and his wife, Dorcas, were much pleased. If Simon married together his stay with them would be permanent. Their persuasion and Simon's urging were too much for Roxana. She promised to marry him.

That morning Dorcas had made her try on the dark blue poplin dress they had bought for her. Roxana had suggested that the color was unsuitable for a woman in her sixty-fifth year.

"Black is all right to mourn a husband in," Dorcas had insisted, "but not to wed one in, mother!"

To mourn a husband! And she—she had not mourned Isaac.

"I'm bound to you and I'll stay with you and do my duty by you as long as I have to," she told him in the first year of their marriage, "but don't expect love from a woman who married through a lie!"

The year before Herndon Harlot, the young man she loved, had gone away to the war.

"I wish I could read and write, Roxie, darling," he told her at parting. "So I could write to you while I'm away, but I can't, and I wouldn't trust nobody to do it for me; but you be waitin' and ready to marry me when I come home—Roxie—you be ready!"

But that winter when Isaac Cullom told her of reading in the papers of Herndon's marriage she believed him, and, stung with the insult she believed Herndon had put upon her, she married Isaac hastily.

Then, one day in May, when she went out to gather the white azaleas Herndon always loved the boy himself came up behind her.

He was gaunt and pale—the left sleeve of his blue army coat hung limp from the elbow, but he was smiling. "I've come back to marry you, Roxie!"

"Don't tech me—don't kiss me, Hernd!" She pushed him back from her. "I'm another man's wife! Isaac Cullom told me you were married. I believed him, Hernd!"

He listened to her story, his face whiter than the azalea blooms she had let fall.

"I never grieved for my arm," he told her. "I jest laid there in the hospital and tried to get well quick—I moved you'd love me jest as much with one arm as two—and, son's the way I came to find you. Your ma said you was out here. She never told me—"

He turned away and pressed his unadorned right arm across his face. "O Roxie—Roxie!"—slow, desolate sobs shook him—"I can't hardly bear it!"

Then he'd gone, and she had never seen him again. The child, Sheridan, had made life with Isaac endurable; the child she had wanted to call "Herndon," but had not dared.

"I've promised Simon and the children—but I married once without love and I can't bear to do it again!" thought Roxana. "I may be up in years but my heart—my heart ain't old!"

She rose, her small features working. The emotion of a lifetime pressed upon her. "Life'd been so fair if I'd loved my man!" she murmured. "I wish somebody would tell me now not to go again my heart! I wish there was some body!"

Her faded cheek crimsoned suddenly. There was Hernd! Hernd lived twenty miles away—alone—and he was not married. She set her lips and deliberately turned her face away from Roxana Place's. The October air was like honey. Roxana's feet felt like wings. For hours she walked before she stopped and ate a lunch from the basket she had started to take to a sick friend.

"I don't want folks asking questions," she told herself cheerfully at dusk as she made for her weary body a couch in a big dry stack of straw some distance off the road; "it's clean and I ain't afraid!"

By upon the next day she reached the mining town near which Harlot lived.

Here's at home," a friendly mountaineer told her, as he pointed the way to her. "He gits a sizable pension and he's well fixed, but he sava his cits

SIMPLE NEGLIGEE



Simplicity is the keynote of this charming negligee fashioned in shell pink chiffon. It has a coat effect draped over a box pleated underbody. Copyright Underwood & Underwood.

mighty lonesome sometimes, livin' by hisse!"

It was mid-afternoon before Roxana stood before the whitewashed picket fence in front of a big log house fringed by a glory of pink and yellow dahlias. A man coming out of the "bee-yard" where were rows on rows of hives, opened the gate hospitably.

"Won't you come in, lady?"

"I don't know as I ought," she stammered. "I just wanted to—ask you if you think it's right for a woman to marry when she don't love a man—I mean them that ain't young in years?"

"That ain't never right, ma'am," he answered in polite wonderment, "for any age." Then he knew her. "Why, Roxie, who's a-wantin' you to do that foolish thing?"

"I ran off," she confessed later. "I didn't have anybody to side with me when it come to me yesterday mornin' I couldn't marry Simon, and I—I remembered you always sided with me, Hernd! I jest couldn't marry the second time without love!"

Hernd looked into her troubled face and the smoldering fires of youth blazed up in his heart. His eyes kindled, his rugged features lighted.

"Meanin' you been a-lovin' a cripplin' all these years, Roxie? I've been lonesome a heap, but the rest of the world'd be mighty bright and shinin' if I thought you'd marry a second time fer—fer love!"

Roxana reached out her trembling hands and took his one hand in them. Life was very fair and beautiful!

GEORGETOWN.

Wilma, the little daughter of Rev. W. R. Clark is sick at the present and also Mrs. Clark is not well. Miss Luverta Clark has been spending the past three months with her brother, Rev. W. P. Clark, returning.

For Burning Eczema

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From an apothecary for 50c, or \$1.00 or larger, get a bottle of Zemo. When applied as directed it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin. Also sores, burns, wounds and chafes. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clear, dependable and intensive, antiseptic liquid. If it, as we have nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

CONFESSIONS OF A WAR BRIDE

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CHAPTER 127.

WHITHER?

It was a perplexed and unhappy Jane Lorimer whom the baby New Year, 1919, took by the hand to leavethwhither? "Whither?" As I repeated the word I realized that it held an idea to which I had never given much thought. It's my instinct and my habit to be always busy, but whither had all my activities and adventures in 1918 brought me?

Only to confusions, doubts and disappointments. I had to admit, after making a fair accounting of my first year of married life.

With all my opportunities, I was not better off than the aged servant in the old man finds himself thoughtlessly abandoned by those whom he had served faithfully for a lifetime. He is carelessly locked in an empty and deserted mansion. He stretches himself on the bare floor to die, realizing the futility of his life of toil and devotion, but not resenting it, only whispering in astonishment, "Life's gone on as if I'd never lived."

After we had finished reading the play aloud, Mother Lorimer remarked:

Only the old can really understand what that means! I'm sure it says for thousands of us gray haired men and women what we have only felt vaguely. One finds oneself 'old' very suddenly. And then we are apt to give up, like the old servant. That is, after all, our supreme tragedy." After a pause she added, "And the worst of it is that we 'old' people never know how to warn our children how to live on, bit differently!"

Mother Lorimer is not given to preaching, but I felt that she was teaching me a needed lesson.

I had lacked direction all my life. I never arrived anywhere because I

ed to her home at Lexington, Va., during the holidays.

N. E. Fisher is working at Lowesville and was a business caller at Morgantown one day last week.

Floyd Clark, of Lexington, Va., who was in the war in France and was wounded, has come back to the U. S. A. and visited his brother, Rev. W. P. Clark, during the holidays and gave an excellent talk about the war on Sunday night at Arnettville church which was enjoyed by all.

Victor Arnett is our mail carrier on Route No. 3 and we like him all right. And we are glad to have a mail carrier.

Jesse Arnett and daughter, Thelma, of Osgood, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett recently.

Mr. Allison, of Liverpool, Ohio, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wildman and little daughter, of the Brady mines, spent a week visiting relatives and friends.

Eliza Arnett and daughter, Bernice, of Fairmont, were visiting at James H. Arnett's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Satterfield and daughter, Leona, of Brady mines, spent Christmas at Mr. and Mrs. James Arnett's.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Arnett and son, Erwin, of the Brady mines, was visiting at James Arnett's recently.

Miss Belle Morgan received a letter from her cousin, Herschel Kincaid and

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never knew where I had started for. I had married just because I loved Bob, but not at all because I had much of a notion of the duties and responsibilities of wifehood.

Other wives let these things take care of themselves—and they often met with disaster as a consequence. I myself had undertaken a woman's most important work, without a chart to go by! Was it astonishing that I faced the New Year in doubt that my husband loved me? Measured by my accomplishment, I hadn't done anything to be loved for!

And yet, to be fair to myself, I wasn't a bit different from other girls I knew. We were all living like dreamers. We were all waiting for big events to come our way. We counted off our days by our excitements. And so we missed the genuine blessings, the small sweet common joys which fill up the average woman's days.

Chance had caught me up in some mad adventures in 1918. None of my girl friends had gone through such startling experiences. But what did all my ventures amount to? Absolutely nothing at all. I was a bankrupt in love. I lived in luxury but I was only a parasite—a dependent on my husband's father.

In my own heart I knew that the young wives who thought themselves poor and out of luck, compared to me, were infinitely happier than I for they were laboring bravely for all that makes life vital to a woman—for husband, home and children.

I had been nothing more than an actress, going through any silly stunt fate handed out to me. My personal affairs, as I faced the New Year, seemed to me a hopeless mess.

wife at Plattsburg, N. Y., and that Mr. Kincaid who is at the camp is well and doesn't expect to be home till about spring.

Harry Brock, Carl Arnett and Elbert Arnett, of Parker's Run, spent Sunday at James Arnett's.

We heard that Arlie Hood had some jewelry and money taken from his store on Christmas evening.

Gilbert Thorne, of Morgantown, was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thorne, a few days ago.

D. B. Snider, of Fairmont, was visiting relatives Sunday and Monday.

N. E. Fisher took dinner at Edward Thorne's Sunday.

Mrs. Charlie Price, teacher of the Osgood school, went home a few days sick at Catwaba.

Mrs. Anna Chapman, wife of Rev. Chapman, is seriously ill at Blacksburg. Her sister, Miss Agnes Groves, was called to her bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Youst were visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Frank Youst's recently.

MRS. SANFORD'S
MESSAGE TO
WORKING WOMEN

Laurel, Miss. — "Eight years ago I was suffering with pain and weakness caused by a female trouble. I had headaches, chills and fevers, and was unable to do my work part of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me and I took seven bottles, and my health has been good ever since. I am able to run the machine and do dress-making besides my housework. You are at liberty to publish my letter if it will help some poor suffering woman."

—Mrs. J. C. SANFORD, 1237 Second Ave., Laurel, Miss.

Thousands of women drag along from day to day in just such a miserable condition as was Mrs. Sanford, or suffering from displacement, irregularities, inflammation, elevation, backache, headache, nervousness, or "the blues."

Such women should rest by Mrs. Sanford's experience and this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find relief from their suffering as she did.

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